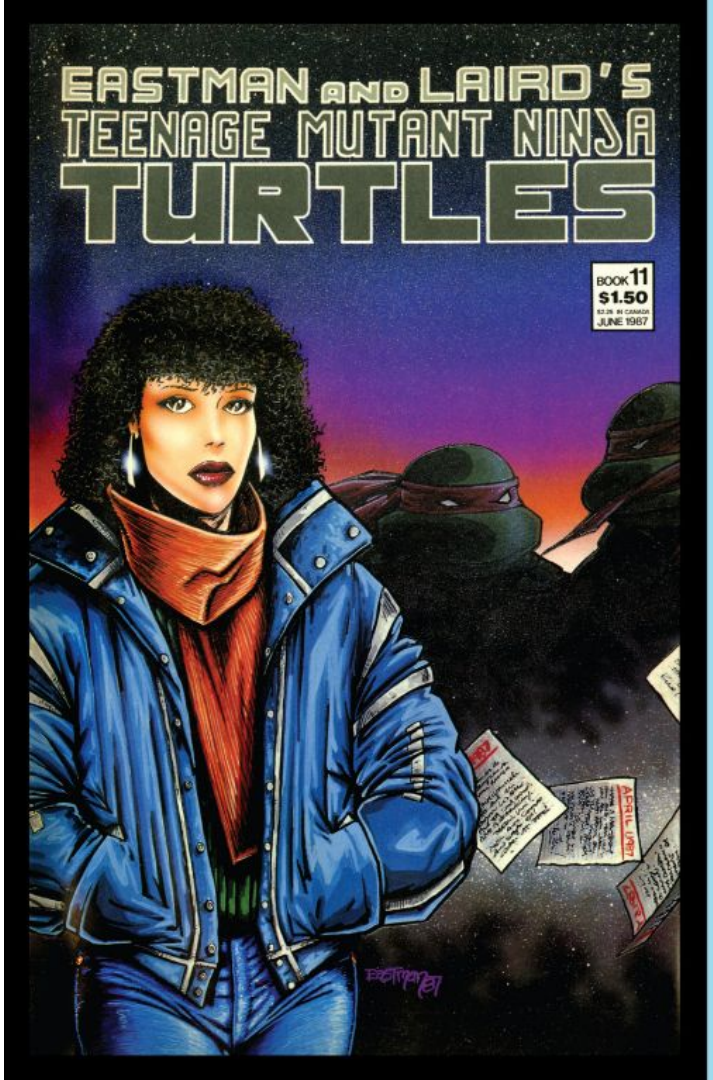

EASTMAN AND LAIRD'S
TEENAGE MUTANT NINJA
TURTLES
BOOK 11
$1.50
$2.25 IN CANADA
JUNE 1987

THUMP
THUMP
THUMP
THUMP
THUMP
...GO... ...AWAY!...
NO...
KA
THUD
STOP!
THUMP
THUMP
THUMP
THUMP
THUD
CHUDD
WHUMP
CRACK
TRUE STORIES
EASTMAN & LAIRD • LAVIGNE

AHHH!
BOMP!
OOFF!
DAMN IT!
...OH...
...NO...
CCHUDD
BRACKK

BAMF
CCRAACKK
THUD
BASH
REETT
RRIIPP
CHAKK
RIIPPP
...FO...
THUMP THUMP THUMP THUMP THUMP THUMP
RRAKKK
YAAAA!
...THE FOOT...
...WITH FOOT COME...
BAM
BAM
BAM

HAHHAH HAH HAH
HAHHAH
...SHREDDER!!!

UNNHHHH...
OH GOD!
... GO AWAY...
... GO AWAY...
... GO AWAY...
... GOT TO GET UP...
BRRRRR... COLD.

...OUCH...
BOMP
...OW...
BUMP
CLICK
FRICK'N LIGHT!

Jan. 15, 1987
Yes, it's almost three AM again... My Night Mare alarm went off-big time tonight. It's been over two weeks now, with no relief... I was hoping to shake them before this...
I think the last time I closed my eyes and actually slept (and I believe exhaustion had a hand in that) was on the trip here... Even then my awakening was a shock...
PSSST! WAKE-UP!
AAAHHH..
WHOA!.. TAKE IT EASY, APRIL.. IT'S JUST ME...
BOMP
SORRY... AH... CASEY... YOU SPOOKED ME, THAT'S ALL...
NO PROB!
WE'RE STILL ABOUT TWENTY MINUTES FROM GRAM'S, BUT I WOKE YOU TO SEE OL DOMINION'S NORTHAMPTON!

Considering my state of mind, my station was a few notches below. I couldn't care less. I guess I should've looked around a little; I hear that Northampton's nice... at least it might have afforded some kind of comfort for my next sight...

From the road, Casey's late grandmother's house looked like a classic old New England farm house - big old barn, family sized house, shade, trees and rolling hills, you know, postcard material. That was from the road...

OH YEAH -- JUST LIKE I REMEMBERED!
ISN'T THIS PLACE GREAT?!
WE'RE GOING TO NEED A FIRE TO KEEP WARM...
I'LL HELP YOU AFTER WE GET LEO INTO THE... AH... HOUSE...
YAWN!...
ZZzzzzz...

Jan 25, 1987

Winter remains with us... snowed two days straight... Clear today. Leonardo's still pretty out of it. The battle tore him up terribly in both body and mind. Physically he has healed incredibly well, but mentally... Im afraid he's a lot of catching up to do.

He's always put himself in front of the rest of the guys; taking charge, bearing the extra weight, playing the Big Brother... When someone like that fails they've failed, they feel. Hard!

He's recently developed an intense obsession with the surrounding forests and spends all of his time there...

I hope he finds what he's looking for and comes out of this depression soon... We all need him back.

CHIK
TOK

KLOP

SNORT
GAH!
FOOMP

I guess I could never know for sure how he feels inside.
But I do know what losing your home -- and everything that you own -- feels like. Those things that you felt gave you a sense of being and strength in this world.
Belongings that touched memory chords of loved ones. Father...
I know he's hurting.

Feb 10, 1991

Everything is so strange... I feel like I've never looked at myself or the guys before: we're all so different now. I try to identify the people I used to know with those that surround me now... and it's hard.

Don isn't doing too badly, although he does work obsessively at the huge amount of repairs that need to be done here. The place has been vacant since Casey's grandmother left four years ago, it was pretty run down then.

Besides a million little things, Don's rebuilt the windmill to pump water, devised a water wheel that creates enough current for lights and the fridge, and also installed a wood stove for better heating, all around.

His most recent undertaking will--if it works--satisfy a craving we've all had lately...

...Hot running water!

Feb 15, 1991

Success! Shower time! Everyone going nuts!

Feb 17, 1991

Feeling strangely depressed today... I guess I expected Don to rest a bit after the last hard-won victory...

No such luck.

I heard him rummaging around in the attic early this morning... who knows what he's working on now.

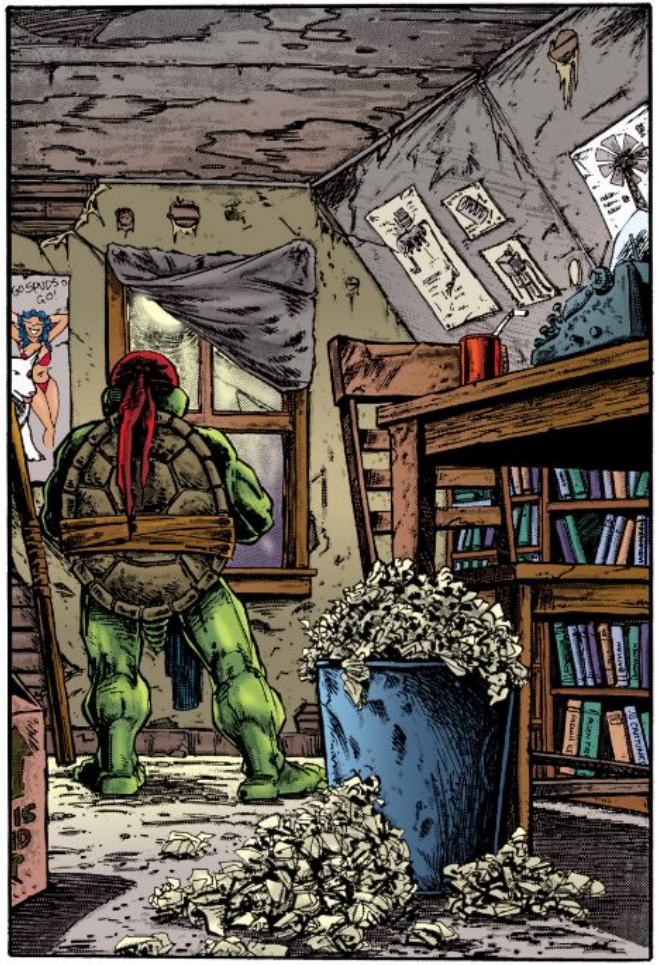
Feb 17, 1991

Don's knitting. Too!

He must have found an old typewriter in the attic yesterday.

I awoke to the tapping of busy keys around seven A.M. and he's been at it ever since!

I wonder what he's writing about... is it a journal, like mine? I'd love to know...



Feb 24/1987

Michaelangelo worries me the most.

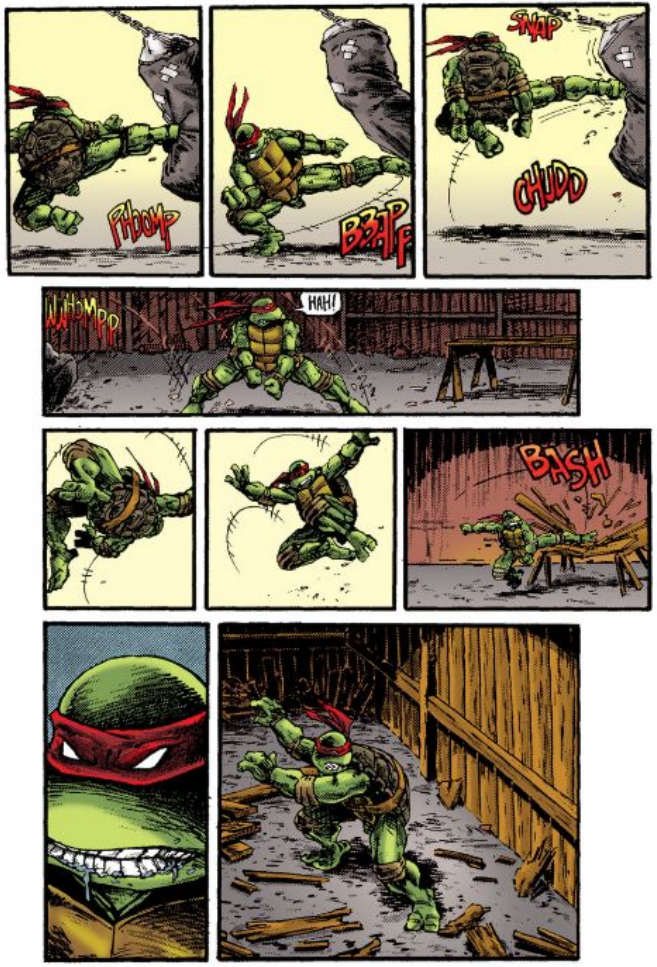
Mike, who could find a joke in just about any situation, doesn't laugh much anymore.

Except for some half hearted goofing around with Casey and Raph, he's been almost painfully solitary lately. It's so unlike him. But then all of us seem to have a need to be alone these days.

Has what's happened made us unable to be close? I don't know...

Mike's chosen a back section of the barn for his sanctum... cleaned alot of junk out and created a little work-out space.

The other day I happened in on one of his sessions. He was already over the edge.



We all feel so much pain and confusion -- each of us enjoying his personal "torment" bottled up inside... each seeking relief in his own way. The cure hangs plainly, clearly in front of our faces, but who will be the first to reach out? We Need Each Other!

March 2, 1997

Raphael scares me. The rest of the guys I can feel for, worry for... but not Raph.

Raph runs hot and cold. Very unbalanced, unpredictable. I keep my distance. Lately Mike noticed he doesn't sleep much. He's always the first up and the last to bed. I think Mike heard him leaving the house late at night, too. I wonder what he's doing... standing guard?

March 10, 1987

Ive known some odd characters in my time, living in Brooklyn most of my life. But the likes of Casey Brenard Jones is beyond compare.

I believe that in Casey's mind there's a petulant, mischevious ten year old waging constant war with a somewhat mature, bright young man. Unfortunately the ten year old wins far too often.

Casey spends all of his time with Raphael, fighting, or "doin' projects, doin' projects!" as they say -- usually more damage.

What next?

NOT EVEN CLOSE-- THE PROFESSOR AND MARYANN, WITHOUT A DOUBT, MARRIED!
NO FRICK'N WAY! GILLIGAN WAS HER MAIN MAN, EVERYONE KNOWS THAT!
BUG OFF! HE WAS A GEEK.
YOU'RE A GEEK!
GET A LIFE, NO MIND!
SPASMO!

PUKE BRAIN
CLAYHEAD
DUCK FART
O.K. TURN IT OVER.
YAWN...
YUP.
GACK FACE.
THIS PIECE 'a JUNK WILL NEVER START!
RRRRRR SPUTTER COUGH BANG RRRRRR
VERROOOOMMM
RROOMM ROOMM
SOUNDS GOOD!
SLAM
O.K., O.K. EASE OFF, THIS THINGS ANCIENT! CHECK THE HAND BRAKE SO IT WON'T ROLL...
...EASE OFF ALREADY!
RRROOOOOOOOOMMMMM!
DON'T WORRY! YAWN...
CLACK
UT-OH...
OOP!
IT'S IN GEAR!!
RRRR CLUNK COUGH SPUTTER RRR EEEETTT
EASE DOWN, DUDE! FOOT OFF GAS PEDAL!!
BASH

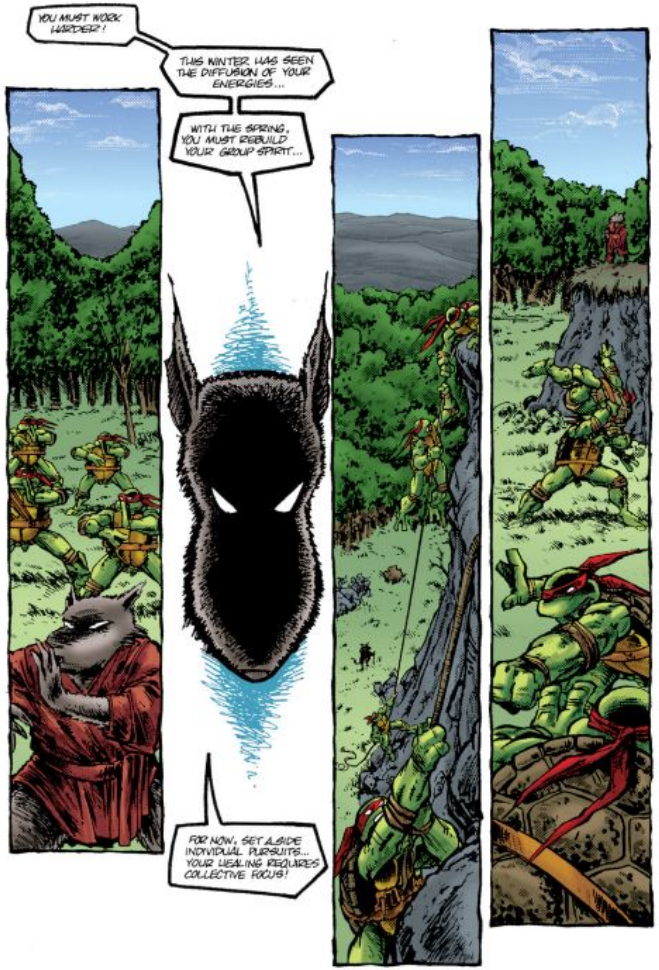
THE THROTTLE'S STUCK!!-- WIDE OPEN!
USE THE BRAKE-- THE BRAKE!!
VERROOOMMM
GAAHH!
NO CONTROL!--
YOW!
SCRAPE
--IT'S THE SNOW--
--NO TRACTION!
YAAAA
CRUNCH
I HATED THAT JEEP ANYWAY.
HAVE THEY SEEN THE WINDMILL YET?
COULDN'T MISS IT.
MAD?
SAW 'EM CARRYING GUNS AND A HOOBIE! YUK, YUK!
EAT WORMS AND DIE!

KKRRAAKKK
OH, NO... PLEASE... ...DON'T...

BREAK!
SHHAAKK
EEEEEE...
PLOUCHE
APRIL?
APRIL!!
COUGH GLUB
HELPPP!
APRIL!!
LEO...

HANG ON, APRIL!
...HURRY... ...COLD!
I'M COMING.... JUST HANG...ON!
LEO...
I'M COMING, I'M COMING!
GOT YOU...
UNFF--! YOU'RE SAFE... I HAVE YOU!
COUGH! COUGH!
THANK YOU.
SSHHH!!

LATER...
SHE'LL BE FINE, BUT WE MUST LET HER REST.
AS FOR YOU, MY SONS, ENOUGH TIME HAS ELAPSED... YOUR SPIRITS HAVE DRIFTED FAR TOO LONG. COME, WE HAVE MUCH TO DO.
ROBERT CRAY LIVE
PEARL STREET


YOU MUST WORK HARDER!
THIS WINTER HAS SEEN THE DIFFUSION OF YOUR ENERGIES...
WITH THE SPRING, YOU MUST REBUILD YOUR GROUP SPIRIT...
FOR NOW, SET ASIDE INDIVIDUAL PURSUITS... YOUR HEALING REQUIRES COLLECTIVE FOCUS!

May 1, 1997

I can't believe it's been over a month since I fell through the ice... and even longer since I've picked up this journal. I almost didn't this time, either. It all seems to mean so little, now. I started this book to rebuild all I had lost in the fire.

I guess after my mid-winter swim (HA, HA) I realized what little importance my life long accumulation of possessions had. I thought it was all I had in this world.

Not true.

I've got me, and I've got memories.

I also have friends, real friends that I care for and that care for me. I'll always be there for them and they for me; we have each other, we are a family... one.

This will probably be my last entry. I guess I just wanted some kind of final word... sort of wrap up all I had written so far.

Life is Good... and Life Goes on.

HO NEE CHEE CHEE HO HO HO
HA, HA, HA. HA, HA, HA, HA
YOU'VE DONE WELL, MY SONS... YOUR SPIRIT GLOWS BRIGHT AND PURE THIS NIGHT. ALTHOUGH I SENSE AN ALMOST PEACEFUL NATURE THROUGHOUT... SOMETHING STILL LINGERS.
YES, WE WERE ATTACKED BY OUR PAST, LEONARDO NEARLY KILLED... BUT WE ALL FEEL THE REAL COST WAS TO APRIL, A BURDEN WE SHALL ALWAYS BEAR.
YET, OUR EXPERIENCE TEACHES US, IN ALL THE UNIVERSE CHANGE IS THE ONLY CONSTANT.
THUS, THE WAY OF HARMONY IS TO ACCEPT CHANGE. WE MAKE OUR CHOICES IN LIFE-- AND OUR KARMA IS TO ACCEPT THE CHANGES THOSE CHOICES BRING.
JUST AS APRIL CHOSE TO TAKE US ALL INTO HER LIFE, SHE KNEW THERE WOULD BE CHANGES..
...I BELIEVE THAT APRIL HAS GAINED MORE BY HER CHOICE THAN SHE HAS LOST... AND I BELIEVE THAT SHE KNOWS THIS.
LIFE IS GOOD... AND LIFE GOES ON.

KNOK KNOK!
CREEEAK KK!

GOOD MORNING!
A BIT O'GUN, MILADY?
SURPRISE!
BREAKFAST IS SERVED, MADAMOISELLE!
AW, GUYS..!
FINI